

Ignorance is Bliss

It was an average Wednesday afternoon, the sun barely graced by clouds outside. Geography class was just over a minute away from starting, most everyone in their seats. The air was rife with idle chit-chat as students prepared for the period and took their usual seats. In the back corner of the room, Hannah was chuckling as she finished an anecdote to Emma. "She left with just her sweatshirt, no pants, her huge ass just bouncing out there!" Hannah laughed, but stopped when Emma hadn't lost her frown. Hannah pointed to Emma's furrowed brow. "What? Why're you looking at me like that?"

Emma's frown deepened, incredulous, and shook her head. "That didn't happen."

Hannah got a frown of her own. "Of course it happened, what do you mean? Claire was with the lighting crew, she saw the whole thing! She lowered the backdrop, she took her clothes!" Hannah couldn't help but smile at that, at the bumbling goth finally doing something without screwing up. It was indeed a lovely homecoming gift.

But Emma just shrugged. "So she lied. She was just saying that to impress you or something."

"Emma, I *saw* Candice that night, when I got back. No pants, no panties." Hannah pushed her hands together in a big V. "Full beav! Full moon!"

Emma shook her red curls again. "I'm telling you, that's not right. That was the week you were visiting schools. None of us did anything to Candice all that week."

Hannah waved her hands at the side of her head in exasperation. "Hello? That's my point! We didn't even need to do anything!" She cocked her head. "Has the dye finally seeped through to your brain?"

Emma made a shooing motion at Hannah. "There's no way. That dork wouldn't streak through a school play without it being a prank or blackmail, that just wouldn't happen. The hook wedgie, the backdrop with her big dorky butt hanging out of it? It's too specific! We'd have to prank her for stuff like that to happen."

"I'm telling you," Hannah insisted, "you just leave her by herself, her exhibitionist instincts take over, she'll just end up naked!" A thought struck Hannah, and it gave her a wide grin. "What say we put it to a little wager?" She leaned over to whisper her plan into Emma's ear, as well as the terms for the bet.

As she listened, Emma's frown melted, an intrigued smirk crossing her lips. "Okay," she said as Hannah leaned back to her desk, "you're on." They shook hands, but Emma's brow furrowed. "But how're we supposed to pull it off with Tweak around?"

"Oh, I've got a plan for that." Hannah rummaged through her backpack and pulled out an old-looking pocket watch, the 'How to be a Hypnotist' packet still stuck to it. She brushed the packet back into the backpack, then slid out from her chair to pay a visit to their teacher Miss Teresa Weeks, often abbreviated 'Tweak' by her students (or Miss Tweak if they feel formal), due to rumors about her after-school habits. She was a stringy woman that looked fifty despite having only recently entered her thirties, currently peering down at her desk with her pen hovering above a newspaper crossword puzzle that was mostly filled out, a six-letter line missing only one letter. As Hannah approached, though, Tweak kept lowering the pen, then shaking her head of matted grey frizz and bringing the pen back up, apparently vexed over what the missing letter between SP and RAL could be.

It took a few moments of Hannah clearing her throat to get Miss Tweak to look up. Miss Tweak spoke slowly, like she was sounding out the words in her head. "Yes... do you... need something?"

"Hey Miss Weeks," Hannah beamed at her. "You like old junk, right? Cuz my grandpa gave me this watch last weekend, and I was wondering if it might be worth something?"

Miss Tweak stared at Hannah a while before nodding - slowly at first, then vigorously. "Yes. Yes, of course! Yes, yes, show me!"

"Okay," Hannah grinned before she brought the watch out from behind her back, gently swinging it back and forth through the air. Miss Tweak's eyes followed the watch in perfect rhythm. "When I snap my fingers," Hannah cooed carefully as a lullaby, "you'll enter a trance." Two more swings, then Hannah snapped her fingers. Miss Tweak's eyes kept following the watch, but something in her guarded expression shifted. Her face lost all tension, her lips parting as her jaw relaxed. She almost looked asleep with her eyes open. Keeping the watch swinging, Hannah cast a look over her shoulder to Emma, who was watching a short distance away. Emma folded her arms and raised her brow. Hannah squeezed her lips into a wide, hyperbolically-smug grin.

Maintaining the watch's careful rhythm, Hannah pulled out her phone and looked for a picture of Candice. It was tough to find a snap of her with all her clothes on and/or not in the immediate aftermath of a prank, but she finally found one from the beginning of the year. She held her phone right next to the watch face, making it sway to the rhythm. "This is Candice," Hannah quietly told the entranced teacher. "You do not see her face and body. You do not hear her voice. You do not feel her touch. You do not know her name. She is a complete blindspot in your life. All you know is teaching today's lesson. The lesson will not be interrupted. Once I snap my fingers, you will fall asleep, and when you wake, it will be so." Two more swings. Snap. Tweak's head fell forward, gently dozing.

Hannah turned and gave Emma a thumbs-up. Emma shrugged before standing on her tiptoes to address the rest of the class. "Attention, everyone! Attention!" Chitchat faded, and Emma continued. "We're going to be conducting a bit of a social experiment today! When Candice gets to class today, if everyone in this class goes the entire period without acknowledging her in any way, everyone gets \$100!" Some cheers and scattered agreements were calmed down by Emma gesturing there was more. "If everyone in the class ignores Candice for the ENTIRE period, AND she has stripped herself naked by the end of the period... you all get \$1,000! How's that sound?" The entire class whooped in agreement. "Remember," Emma chided. "The ENTIRE period. Even if she strips herself in the first minute, no laughing, no gawking, don't even peek! EVERYONE ignore her COMPLETELY until the bell. Got it?" Another round of whooping and cheering. Emma pumped a fist in the air like she was leading a rally. She glanced over her shoulder, to Hannah smirking with a raised brow of her own. The bet had only been for \$500 per person. Emma must have been confident to put so many chips on the table. All Hannah had to do if she lost was flash the audience at the next football game. But Hannah wasn't worried. Hell, she might even up her losing punishment to full-on streaking, she was so confident. She would honor the bet and not intervene, but she knew that bubble-bottom dork wouldn't let her down.

The period starting bell rang, and everyone took their seats. The sound startled Miss Tweak awake, and she gasped and darted her gaze around a bit before seeing the clock and nodding to herself. She scooped up her attendance clipboard and pulled it close to her face. "Minnie... Tracey..." Miss Tweak went down the list, everyone calling out 'here.' Despite herself, a pinch of worry popped into Hannah's gut that the next football game would have a more memorable halftime than usual. Where was Candice? Hannah had seen her earlier, but that nerd was rarely late to class. Hannah already felt Emma's smug stare at the back of her head.

As Miss Tweak continued down the list, however, the door burst open, and Candice fumbled into the room. "Sorry I'm late!" she yelped, struggling to keep her pile of books from falling to the ground. The stack teetered to and fro as she shuffled her way to her desk before she dumped the pile on top. Candice had a big test in another class later that day, and she had been up nearly the entire night studying, fretting about getting a good grade. She had been rechecking her notes between periods and nearly dozed off, making her late for geography! Candice hated being late, it making her such an embarrassing spectacle, interrupting the class, having the entire class stare at her and watch her awkwardly walk to her seat. Quickly dropping her backpack on the ground and sliding into her chair, Candice began to hurriedly rearrange her pile of books before she cocked her ear and looked up. No one was looking at her, just down at their open text books and note binders. Tweak was looking at her, but with a foggy, uncertain expression like she wasn't

quite sure she saw anything at all. After a moment, she shook her head and finished calling roll. "Okay... now we continue this week on the Appalachian range..." She walked up to the chalkboard and began scr atching out an erratic line somewhat resembling a mountain range.

Cautiously, Candice finished arranging her books, taking out the one for class, before glancing around the room again, especially behind her, where Hannah sat kitty-corner to her. Candice was expecting a mocki ng grin or stifled laugh, but the blonde bully just stared down at her empty notebook, head on her hand lik e she was bored out of her mind. Frowning, Candice turned back around, finding it odd not even Hannah had a comment, but she truthfully didn't mind. It was actually a relief to somehow not have been turned int o a spectacle.

As Miss Tweak's drawings became more shakily elaborate, she continued her lecture. "-originally Apalach ee, named after the tribe and region of the area." Miss Tweak turned around, adjusting her wide-rim glass es. "The explorer? The explorer who led the expedition? Anyone remember?"

No one raised a hand. No one, that is, but Candice. Her hand reached tall, waving for Tweak's attention. But she wouldn't have it. "No one?" Miss Tweak asked before sighing, "Narvaez. Narvaez led the expediti on into the region. But it wasn't until 1540..."

Candice dropped her hand, more confused than angry. She turned back to Hannah. "Is Miss Tweak buzz ed again or something?" But Hannah didn't look up from her still-empty notebook. "Hey!" Candice hissed, waving a hand to get Hannah's attention. "Hannah!" But Hannah still didn't look up. She just took up her p encil and began to idly scratch lines in the top corner, preparing a doodle.

What was going on? "Emma!" Emma just kept idly braiding some of her red locks together. "Tracey!" The girl next to Candice had her phone on her thigh under her desk, swiping at its screen without glancing up. "Emily!" Candice reached over to the girl seated in front of her and shook her by the shoulder, but she did n't seem to notice Candice had even touched her. Candice planted her palms on her desk and lifted herse If taller, looking at all the other students, none of whom even seemed to notice her. Candice looked back at Hannah, leaned over, and waved her hand wildly in front of Hannah's face. "Hannah! Hannah!" Absolut ely nothing! What the heck was happening?! Candice audibly groaned, then covered her mouth, self-cons cious about how loud that had been. She swiveled her head around, but no one looked up. Miss Tweak k ept on pontificating about old expeditions. Slowly, incredulously, Candice took her hands from her mouth, slowly held them apart, then clapped them together. Clap! The sound rang through the classroom... but no one looked. No one even brushed hair out of their eyes. Another clap! Nothing. It's like Candice wasn't ev en there. Like she was invisible. But that was impossible... if she was awake.

The snap realization made Candice clap her hands again. She was lucid dreaming! She must have actual ly dozed off in the middle of studying, and now she was dreaming that she was invisible! It's the only thing that made sense. But that meant her sleeping body was missing her actual geography class! Candice bro ught her thumb and forefinger to her side to pinch herself awake, but stopped. Then she smirked. If she w as sleeping, then the longer she stayed dreaming, the longer she would sleep, and the more rested she w ould feel when she took that test! It wasn't until last period. She had plenty of time, and she could stand to miss a day in geography. Which meant she could take a few minutes to enjoy her temporary power.

Candice noisily planted her hands on her desk and pushed herself fully standing. Again, no students look ed up, and Miss Tweak continued her lecture, moving from the chalkboard back to her desk to read a pas sage from the textbook. As she droned on, Candice shimmied down the aisle of desks, wiggling her shoul ders and twisting her hips to a tune in her head. When she got out of the desks, up to the front of the clas sroom, she broke into a full-on dance, shuffling to the left, to the right, spinning around on the soles of her sneakers, shaking all her momma gave her. She danced until she was out of breath, then stood grinning at the sea of disinterested faces glued to their textbooks. Miss Tweak asked Faye to pick up reading the n ext passage, and she did like there was no dork jumping and dancing at the front of the classroom. Grinni ng to herself, but having made herself sweaty, Candice pulled her hoodie over her head, balled it up, and threw it into the wastebasket next to Miss Tweak's desk. In reality, Candice loved that sweatshirt, but in th

e dream, who cared? Wearing only a lime green T-shirt and black sweatpants, Candice stompily marched over to Miss Tweak's desk and nicked the apple off of it, taking a bite as she tromped back across the room. The teacher didn't even glance up from the crossword she went back to attempting.

Crunching the bite of apple, Candice wandered over to Hannah. She had stopped idly doodling and was now laying on folded arms over her desk, looking bored out of her skull, half asleep. Taking another bite of the apple, Candice bounced around in front of Hannah before letting the rest of the fruit roll off her fingers onto the floor. Candice walked behind the blonde and cocked her head. By leaning forward so much, the back of Hannah's grey long-sleeve shirt rode up to reveal the bare small of her back. In addition, the back of her black jeans let off slightly, leaving a peculiar shadow. Candice leaned in closer, unable to fully tell if Hannah had panties on, or if she was seeing the merest hint of ass crack. Candice looked over to Emma, still idly braiding her own hair. She had several pencils lined up at the top of her desk, and one rolled to the floor without her seeming to notice. Grinning to herself, Candice scooped up the pencil, then held it between her thumb and forefinger, dangling it over the back of Hannah's pants. Careful, careful... Candice released her grip on the pencil, and it fell right down the middle of Hannah's pants, balanced perfectly out the back, possibly right down her butt crack. Score! Candice let herself giggle as Hannah drowsily lifted her head and peered behind herself, to the pencil sticking up out of her pants. Frowning, she plucked it out and threw it at Emma, the eraser bouncing off the rich redhead's nose. Rubbing the bridge of her nose with one hand, Emma scowled at Hannah, and the two had a brief arguments of gestures over 'what gives?'. The two then went back to 'work,' like nothing had ever happened. Miss Tweak went up to the chalkboard to draw more frenetic sketches.

Candice bounced in place, dancing to the tune in her head. "You cannot seeee me! You cannot seeee me!" Candice repeated in her head as she danced next to Hannah. Candice turned her back to Hannah and stuck her booty right next to the blonde's face. Candice shook her bubble butt inches from Hannah's face, swinging it back and forth with relish. "You cannot seeee me!" Candice shuffled over to give Emma an eyeful of wiggling derriere, as well as a bit of her boobs too. "Shame you can't seeeee this!" Candice whipped her assets around like there was no tomorrow! An impish thought crossed Candice's mind. She shuffled back over to Hannah, her butt right next to Hannah's half-closed eyes, and reached her hands to the back of her waistband, prepared to give Hannah an extreme close-up of even more of an eyeful. However, an even more impish thought crossed Candice's mind. Keeping her pants on for the moment, Candice scurried back to the front of the classroom. Everyone was still staring at their books, if they weren't asleep, and Miss Tweak was back to reading out of the textbook. No one saw Candice. Good... then it meant no one would see this!

Candice turned her back on the class, untied the drawstrings of her sweatpants, then, in one swift motion, bent at the hips and pulled down the back of her sweatpants. More than that, Candice had no panties on! She was mooning the entire class with her big bare ass, and no one even raised an eye! Casting a glance over her shoulder and seeing no one looking back, Candice couldn't help her excited grin. She even hiked up the back of her T-shirt to ensure her entire bubble butt was on full display, both perfect round cheeks, and shook her hips to make said cheeks wobble back and forth. She thought about stopping there, but she felt a mischievous desire to go further. It was a dream, after all, and she was having too much fun! Gripping her waistband, she began to bend down lower, keeping her bare derriere lifted, easing her sweatpants lower and lower down her legs until they were around her ankles. And even once they were down as far as they could drop, Candice kept bending lower and lower, until she was able to grin at the class from between her legs! The moon couldn't get any fuller! Candice even brought her hands up and smack smacked her heinie! So little left to the imagination! And no one even raised an eye! What a rush! The thought made her more excited...

Candice abruptly stood and kicked her sweatpants to the corner of the room, as well as her socks and sneakers. She stood a few more moments with her ass hanging out to the class, then brought up her arms to dramatically waggle her fingers. Casting a cheeky glance over her shoulder, Candice reached down to the hem of her t-shirt and slowly began to pull it higher and higher, over her midriff, even over her chest, until she was holding the t-shirt high above her head. Placing one hand on a bare hip as she shook her bare booty back and forth, Candice used the other to swing the shirt around over her head before throwing it

towards the wastebasket with her hoodie. She overshot, and the shirt slid across the corner of Miss Tweak's desk, not that the teacher or any of her students noticed! All Candice had on then was her bra, but not for long! Shooting another mischievous grin over her shoulder, Candice brought her fingers behind her back and unclasped her last stitch of clothing. Sliding her shoulders out from the straps, Candice let the undies fall to her feet before she kicked it away. Placing her hands on still-swinging hips, Candice stood with her back to the class for a few more moments, relishing in pretending to build the suspense. Finally, she stopped for dramatic effect, then spun around to face the class, presenting her nude body. Grinning from ear to ear, Candice posed completely naked, not even attempting to cover her boobs or crotch. And no one in the class even saw her! Candice continued to beam. This was the most exciting dream Candice had had in a long time!

And just like that, Candice went back to dancing around, bouncing her shoulders and swaying her hips, her uncovered knockers swinging from side to side, her exposed butt cheeks rippling with every twist and spin. She strut back over to Hannah and Emma, still bored and inattentive as ever, and shook her big bare buttocks right in front of their faces, then turned around to jiggle her breasts at them, squeezing them between her arms. "Oh Hannah, are you jealous of these? Don't you wish you had boobs like these?" Chuckling to herself and awash with energy, after another minute of up close and personal mooning, Candice began darting all over the room, enjoying all the mischief invisibility allowed. She knelt down and tied Hannah and Emma's shoelaces together, shaking her butt from side to side as she worked. Miss Tweak went up to use the chalkboard, and when she placed the eraser back on the sill, Candice scooped it up and began rubbing it all over her butt. When her butt cheeks were coated in a thick enough layer of chalk dust, Candice backed up to the chalkboard and smushed them up against it, leaving a chalk imprint of her derriere on the board. Giggling, Candice then spanked the remaining dust off with loud slaps that rocked her cheeks every which way, to the ignorance of the class. As Miss Tweak began another drawing, Candice crept up behind the teacher, carefully gripped the sides of her slacks, and jerked them down around the teacher's ankles, eyes going wide with surprised to find the teacher hadn't worn any panties that day either! Whoa, tight butt, Tweak! No one in the class seemed to notice the teacher getting mysteriously pantsed in front of them, and Tweak herself just hesitated between key terms to bend down and pull her trousers back over her tight little tushie.

Laughing out loud, Candice then bolted out the door, running through the empty halls with reckless abandon. She held her arms out wide at her sides, enjoying the rush of air racing across all her smooth, bare skin. She even began to skip, her boobs bouncing up and down, up and down. She even spun around in the air! Streaking through the halls like that, Candice didn't feel embarrassed. She felt so free!

Candice skipped and sprinted butt-naked until she burst through the activity entrance of the school, racing all the way to the soccer field outside. The warm sun felt so good! Candice impishly teased herself that she would have to try outdoor streaking for real when she woke up! Out on the grassy field, Candice leapt around, skipped, even performed cartwheels! She managed a few before her arms gave out, leaving her to laughingly tumble through the grass. Candice rolled onto her back, put her arms behind her head, and smiled up at the sky, watching clouds drift overhead. The warm grass caressing her body felt amazing! Candice sighed. Lucid dreaming was the best! Candice felt more relaxed and happy than she had in months! She nestled deeper into the grass, bringing one arm out from behind her head to rest on her stomach. Bit by bit, though, the hand began to list southward. Candice felt her grin grow. Well, it was just a dream, right? Surely she could have a bit of fun, make the most of her time. Candice gave a satisfied hum.

However, Candice had barely moved her fingers more than an extra inch lower before she heard a distant noise, the trill of the period bell. On top of that, she heard something else, the sound of lots of footsteps. Candice sat up in the field, seeing a mass of students in PE uniforms headed her way. Not wanting to be trampled by a soccer match, Candice stood up, intending to find a quieter spot. She hesitated, however, when murmurs rippled through the mass of students as they formed a ring around Candice. The murmurs got louder, joined by pointing, before the quiet laughter behind it all fully took over. Candice folded her arms, but didn't cover any of her exposed areas, her boobies, privates, and bubble butt out for everyone to gawk at. Well, she sighed to herself, looks like it was becoming a different kind of dream, more of a nightmare. Oh well, it was fun while it lasted, but seemed like a good a time as any to wake up and head to class. C

Candice brought a thumb and forefinger to her side and pinched herself awake.

Only nothing changed. Frowning, Candice pinched her side again. The students were there, still pointing and laughing at Candice. "Were we interrupting something?" "Do you even bring clothes to school anymore?" "She probably ran out of pants that could contain that booty, godDAMN!" Candice kept pinching and pinching herself, but the dream didn't end! Everyone was still surrounding her, looking at her naked body! Horror gripped Candice's heart. She was awake! Was she awake the whole time?! In front of the whole class?!?! With a squeal, Candice threw her hands over her body, frantically alternating between covering her breasts, butt, and slightly dampened crotch, trying to shrink inward and hide everything but too surrounded to hide anything. Finally, Candice got enough good sense to run back the way she came, covering her front with her hands as she pushed through the crowd and sprinted back into the school, her boobs whipping back and forth and her bouncy butt cheeks jiggling with each step. She busted through the activity entrance, only to skid to a halt. The halls were filled with students rushing to get to class, but all of them stopped and turned to see Candice slide in, butt-ass naked, so surprised that she let go of herself and was letting everything hang out. Candice yelped again before covering her chest and crotch and starting to run again, face burning bright red as she pushed past students cheering and hollering, flinching and turning even deeper crimson every time one of them reached out to smack her on the ample rump as she ran. "Don't look!" she cried out in vain. "Stop touching my butt! Please!" But the laughter only got louder the further Candice ran, students slipping out of their classrooms just to catch a glimpse of the buxom blonde barreling bare-assed through the halls!

Candice darted around a corner, only to almost crash into Hannah and Emma. Again, Candice skid to a halt and momentarily let go of covering herself, only to throw her hand back over her boobs and cast one behind her to try and cover her butt crack, knees buckling inward to try and keep her pussy from peeking out. Smirking, Hannah held a bundle of clothes in her arms. "Welcome back to the real world, dork." The clothes were what Candice discarded in the classroom, and Hannah 'returned' the lot of them by throwing them at Candice. Candice reached out too late to catch them in midair, and they scattered over the floor. Candice bent over to hurriedly scoop them up, as Hannah and Emma walked around behind her. Each of them swung open palms down, right into Candice's upraised butt cheeks with loud smacks that echoed down the hall and caused the laughter around spectacle to surge louder. Candice yelped and fell to her hands and knees, but didn't stop hesitate long in continuing to pick her and her clothes up off the ground. But it didn't help that several other students took the cue to give Candice some spanks of their own. Slap! Slap! Candice yelped and flinched with every palm that fell across her backside, that caused each cheek to wobble and smack against each other. Slap! Slap! The slaps kept coming, Candice struggling to keep a hold on her clothes. Eventually, Candice managed to grip them all, hurriedly picking herself up as more spanks rocked her ample ass. Covering her front bits with the clothes, a bright-red Candice squealed her way down the hall, until her bare buns jiggled their way into a restroom.

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